Poems

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POEMS:

BY

Sadie E. Fulton.

MONTREAL.

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Beauty of Light.

Hereafter thou shalt fly to the winds of
And breathe the fragrance there. [heaven
Thy spirit shall then wear
A garb of beauty unprepared,
And run upon the grassy slopes,
So green and fair to see,
And with ten thousand harps in hand,
Shall sweep the golden strings,
Of praise for evermore.
Oh! the rapture of this heavenly throng,
Bathed in dazzling light,
With robes so white no Fuller could
Enhance their whiteness if he would.
So when in Eden spirits were a part of us
[to-day,

They walked and talked with love divine
In beautiful array [changed;
Until a certain day when lo! the scene is
Eden is steeped in blackest night,
And man became a lower light.
A cry goes up! What have I done?
And all was stilled. The Eternal doom,
Innocence, was robed in guilty fear,
And all the angels fled from sight.
A voice went forth and spoke the doom,
Endless years of toil and gloom;
Flaming swords were placed around
The garden once where beauty did abound,
And with man's awful present state
Linked to the dark abyss of hate,
Obnoxious in the sight of Him
Who deemed man worthy of a nobler thing.
Prayers and incense all alike
Could not restore the heavenly light.
The future marked with love and grace,
Restores creation and all the race,

To countless realms of boundless space,
There to await the end of a divine and just
[decree:
A sacrifice when made would set us free,
And light the road through all eternity
To brighter spheres where rest and peace
Shall give to us full measure of our need.
Countless and glorious numbers wait
To share with us the future state.
See! Standing there across the shore,
We meet again to part no more.

The Departed Husband.

I stood beside my husband's grave,
And mourned ;—
I felt so sad that he had gone,
And left me here alone,
Amongst the dead.—
I seemed to hear a voice within,
Speaking with accents dear,
Telling of Hope beyond the grave,
And calling me up there,
To Heavenly Mansions in the skies,
To dwell and be at rest
For ever with the blest.
Then I thought I saw an Angel's face,
Close by me where I stood,
And oh! the face was fair to see,

So beautiful! So good!
My soul was filled with ecstasy,
In raptures of delight,—
Transported to the very gate
Of Heaven's transcendent light.
And there I dwelt amongst the throng
So glorious and so bright;
I soared to earth once more, and stood
Beside my loved one's grave,
With heart less sad than e'er before,
I hurried through the portal door
And left my buried dead;
But, oh! my heart was changed,
My every thought was wrapped in mystery,
So profoundly wrought;—
Alone! I am yet not alone,
For he is with me for whom I mourn,
Guiding me onward and upward,
To share the love that is made perfect there,

Again I shall see thee I know full well,
For He has promised that where He is
We also shall dwell;—
Then long and golden shall be the thread
That links me to my long lost love.

The King Foretold.

When long ago of old,
The Prophets spake, it was foretold
That one would come in high degree,
To set the captive free
And from a bondage set at nought
The evil that seduced our thought
To win for us a loftier life,
And save us from all toil and strife,
One came, but oh ! in humble state,
The Giver of all, He would not take
Upon Himself the Royal Decree
Of a king of might and majesty.
Then lowly from this humble shed
Forth the Almighty King of kings was led
As a little child in human form,
Bearing the mark of lowly born,

Shadowed by a crown of thorns.
Anguish, shame and loss
Was His to bear upon the cross!
Bereft of all He loved so well.
No place, He knew not where to dwell,
Nor where to lay His Sacred Head,
From tempest fierce or foes oppressed;
Scorned and rejected by a race
Who knew not the love of a Saviour's grace.
Oh! the suffering that was His to bear!
Was ever man laden with so great a share;
Was ever a heart so crushed with woe,
As the Man of sorrows who loved us so?
Come let us look up to that Blessed One
Who fought the victory and has won;
Triumphant in the skies, He waits to fulfill
The last command of His Father's will.
Shall the Judge of all the earth then say:
Vengeance is mine, I shall repay.
Not so, oh Lord! Thy will be done,
On earth, in Heaven, since the world begun.

The Parting.

Oh! dearest sister, can it be
That I so soon must part with thee?
Thy face beloved no more to see;
Thy voice for ever hushed from me!

Oh, no! The thought I cannot bear;
May Heaven grant my earnest prayer,
To part us not. Thy will must be,
My Father hear this prayer to Thee.

Then softly spoke a voice so clear;
Thy prayer is heard my sister dear,
Weep not for me, be of good cheer,
The time for us will soon appear

When we meet on the other shore,
Darling sister to part no more;
When God shall wipe our tears away,
Oh! what joy will be ours that day.